To baſe of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as ſweet ſeaſon'd ſhewers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife,
As twixt a miſer and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteale his treaſure,
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may ſee my pleaſure,
Some-time all ful with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by cleane ſtarued for a looke,
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight
Saue what is had, or muſt from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and ſurfet day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

WHy is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aſide
To new found methods, and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one, euer the ſame,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almoſt fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know ſweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are ſtill my argument:
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending againe what is already ſpent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue ſtill telling what is told,

77

THy glaſſe will ſhew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waſte,

The